

PERMANENT PINK



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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios.

Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

Permanent Pink!

Written by Brian Masters

Illustrated by MICHI

Original idea and concept by Devin Dickie

Part One

Paul and Debbie Grant were cruising down the highway in Paul's new Corvette Stingray on the way home from buying groceries. Despite the fact that the car was Paul's newest acquisition it was Debbie doing the driving. Paul never got to drive his new baby when his wife was with him as Debbie liked to be in control of every aspect of their marriage. As the young husband looked over at his wife he couldn't help becoming aroused by her natural beauty. Debbie was a knockout by anyone's standards and at five foot nine inches in height she practically towered over her husband who stood only five foot four.

Debbie was yammering about the upcoming visit from her sister, Kate, and it took all of Paul's patience to keep him silent throughout her diatribe. "Now you listen to me Paul" the beautiful woman said, "I don't want any bullshit from you when Kate is visiting. Her job is stressful enough and she deserves a chance to relax when she's around family."

Paul simply nodded and stared greedily at his wife's tits while she shifted gears making the huge mammaries bounce and sway.



Paul hadn't been allowed to touch or even see his wife's tits for several months and was missing the pleasure of manhandling the 34G natural beauties. As his wife droned on, Paul's thoughts drifted to his secretary and the way she gave herself to him every day. Kendra was a gorgeous Asian girl with a smoking body who loved to fuck Paul and never complained about his shortcomings. Unlike his savage wife.

A matter that was again being brought to his attention by his cruel wife. "And another thing, don't get into a dick measuring contest with Kate about her job! It takes a very strong woman to become the warden of such a violent men's prison. Besides, you're lacking the proper ammunition in the dick department there tiny and Kate is probably swinging a twelve inch black strapon. So just keep your opinions to yourself while Kate is with us."

Wary of starting an argument with Debbie, Paul simply said, "Yes dear" as he sulked about her shot at his penis. He may not be hung like those unrealistic guys in porn but at 6 inches, ok maybe closer to 5 inches, he felt that his dick was perfectly normal. Besides, Kendra never complained and that's all that mattered to the cheating husband.

Debbie continued with, "I'm so tired of pretending you're the perfect husband for me and I think my sister is catching on that there may be problems. I don't know how long I can keep the secret of how inadequate you are in the bedroom. I mean when was the last time I even let you try? I'm serious, when was the last time you left me needing more in bed?"

Paul turned toward her and said, “We haven’t made love in nearly six months dear.”

Debbie laughed and said, “Made love? That’s part of the problem, shrimp dick! You think it’s all about love when sometimes a woman just wants that long dicking. At least you’re good with your tongue so you aren’t completely useless. And it’s much more convenient for me, I don’t have to pretend any longer since you can actually make me cum with your tongue. The best part is I don’t even have to take off all my clothes to let you go down on me. I just slip off the panties and let you go to work. I don’t even wash up down there any more do I limp dick? No, you don’t have to answer, we both know the truth. You’ve been licking away all the sweat and grime from my daily workouts in the gym and not complaining at all. Remember the other night? You were under the covers licking away, trying to make me cum quickly so you could go to sleep? It was so hot under the comforter but I kept you there for over an hour. Remember when I passed gas? Haha! Of course you do. I held you down there and made you finish me off. What kind of man would do that? A wimp that’s who. And another thing...”

Paul looked out the window to keep his wife from seeing how angry and embarrassed he’d become. He’d show her. One day, when he had his finances all in order, he’d leave her and take Kendra away with him to live on some exotic island. He just had to make sure Debbie didn’t get a cent. Soon he’d be rid of her and her domineering ways.

Part Two

Paul was sitting in his favorite chair when the front door burst open and Kate strode in as if she owned the place.



Paul hated the way his sister in law presumed so much and took full advantage of his meek nature. He started to get up to greet the woman as she simply breezed past him saying, “Don’t bother shrimp, I’m here to see my sister not her wife, haha, I mean husband. Seriously, what do you do all day? You work in some stuffy office then come home and watch your homo decorating shows then disappoint my sister with that inadequate body. It’s pathetic. Oh I wish she’d found herself a real man.”

Paul turned red with anger but dropped back into his comfy recliner as he listened to the women squeal in delight from the kitchen. They yelled each other’s names and instantly began to gossip and catch up the way they always did when they got together. Paul sat in his chair and watched his favorite home decorating show while silently fuming over having to endure his wife’s sister throughout dinner.

Debbie could be heard telling her sister that dinner would be ready shortly and that she just needed to set the table. Paul heard Kate say, “Oh bullshit, limpdick’s been sitting on his ass out there, get him to do it. Nevermind, I’ll tell him.”

Kate strode into the living room and stood directly in front of the television smirking down at Paul as she said, “Listen Sally I hate to bother you while you watch your faggy decorating shows but your wife and I have some catching up to do so maybe you need to help? How about setting the table like a good girl.”

Paul started to object but Kate was already back in the kitchen before he could come up with a proper response. He knew he should just sit here and watch his show but he promised Debbie he'd not make a scene tonight, so instead he got up in a huff and stomped into the kitchen to retrieve the flatware and silverware. Debbie looked slightly embarrassed but Kate was smirking in triumph as the small framed man gathered up the required utensils and began setting the dining room table. He heard Kate say, "See, it works on all the weak ones. I deal with all kinds of men from the big, strong, Alpha black men to the spineless, weak willed, white boys in my prison. I know how to handle them all."

The white boy fumed as he set the table and listened to the women laugh at his expense. He'd noticed his wife becoming more aggressive in her treatment of him lately and knew Kate was responsible for her change in attitude. Debbie was starting to laugh at her sister's jokes and even to comment on Paul's failings in bed when she thought her husband couldn't hear her. She'd be sorry if she knew about his hot as hell side piece, that was for certain, he thought with a smile.

Paul continued smiling as he helped his wife bring dinner to the table, a fact which irritated Kate to no end. The buxom, raven haired, beauty was glaring at him and spoiling for a fight with the weak, wimp of a white boy.

Dinner conversation took a quick turn downhill despite Debbie's attempts at bubbly and light topics to consider. Kate started things off by insisting she worked harder than Paul ever had and that the danger inherent in her job made it by default a

more exciting profession. They had been joined at the table by Paul's and Debbie's two kids, Stacy age 9 and Rebecca age 7.

The girls always thought it was fun to have Aunt Kate over because she and daddy always fought and it was pretty funny to see grownups act like children. Plus Aunt Kate always told them women were superior to white boys like daddy and the girls got a kick out of watching her prove it with her words. And boy was Aunt Kate on a roll tonight!

Paul tried to head off Kate's argument with an attack on her inmates by saying, "Look Kate you are little more than an administrator in that jungle. You babysit a bunch of rowdy black men who quite frankly deserve to be exactly where they are. I'm sure there are plenty of big strong men around to protect you in case anything bad happens. After all it takes balls to succeed at a job like that so you should thank affirmative action for your position."

Kate says, "Wow you managed to be a racist and a misogynist in one quick argument. Nice. I'll have you know little man, I'm trained in Krav Maga, Karate, Judo, and I box every weekend. I'm in outstanding shape unlike your pasty, wiry, feminine body and I'm certified on more weapons bladed, blunt, and firearms than you even know exist. In short, I'm a bad ass mother fucker who can take care of herself while you are a wimp who'd be better off in a dress!"

The girls giggled long and hard at their Aunt's statement and Debbie had to hush them while saying, "Kate, c'mon. Language."

Kate said, "I'm sorry Hobbits I got a little carried away. Aunt Kate sometimes gets excited and forgets little Hobbits like you have big ears."

The girls laughed again as they loved the way Kate called them Hobbits. They had watched all six of the films with Kate and simply adored her as the "Cool Aunt".

Paul was pissed that Kate didn't bother to apologize for what she'd said about him and even more angry that Debbie hadn't included the slur against him in the apology she'd drawn from her sister. Just as he was about to say something his phone buzzed silently against his leg and he slipped it from his pants pocket to look at it under the table. He read the message from Kendra and smiled at the dirty words from his sweetheart. Kate noticed his movements and wondered who could be texting him this late in the evening.

Kate grinned evilly across the table at Paul and said, "I'd love to see you try to handle my job for just one day little man, you could never handle my inmates, they'd eat you alive. But they all show me the proper respect I've earned."

Paul laughed before saying, "Maybe you should work at a women's prison, I think you'd fit right in with a bunch of psycho dykes."

Kate leaned back in her chair and stared hard into Paul's eyes as the table grew quiet. Paul's smirk grew as he challenged her with his expression as if daring her to retort. Instead Kate

smiled and mumbled under her breath, “And maybe you need to learn a very valuable lesson you skinny, wimp.”

No one but Debbie heard what she said and she smiled at her sister before saying to Paul, “I think that’s enough out of you. I told you what I expected from you tonight and you’re acting exactly the opposite of what I wanted.” Paul smiled and checked his phone again before ignoring the women and continuing on with his meal.

As dinner went on Debbie was able to corral the conversation and soon everyone was talking about movies much to the delight of the children. Throughout the entire evening though, Kate watched Paul pull out his phone no less than 9 times grinning like a lovestruck fool each time. Kate began to get very suspicious of her wimpy brother in law and decided to keep a closer eye on him in order to protect her baby sister.

Part Three

Kate’s suspicions were accurate though she didn’t know it at the time. Paul was in fact checking messages from his mistress. He’d been fucking his beautiful Asian secretary for several months and all throughout dinner that night she’d been sending him photos of herself in various states of undress. He was completely taken by Kendra and had failed to hide his arousal during dinner and had put Kate on high alert. Paul thought of himself as a real man’s man and honestly believed Kendra was into him because she loved the way he looked and the way he fucked her. The simple truth of the matter was that

Kendra wanted Paul's money and knew it would be easy to break up his marriage and swindle her boss out of everything he owned. The sexy Asian faked enthusiasm every time Paul fucked her when in fact she was trying desperately not to laugh at how pathetic he truly was.

Paul knew nothing of this as he stood looking at himself in the full length mirror in Kendra's bedroom.



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His pasty skin was flushed red and covered in a sheen of sweat from his recent romp in bed with his Asian sexpot. Paul marveled at his body thinking he looked like a real stud not noticing Kendra's look of disdain as she watched him. Kendra lay in her bed once again completely unsatisfied by Paul's tiny pecker but pretended to have had the time of her life. She'd faked an orgasm during their encounter but considered herself lucky to have produced one just under the wire. Paul only lasted a couple of minutes and Kendra had to hurry into her routine to fake out her boss into thinking he was a fantastic lover. She pouted in bed as she thought about the massive dildo under her bed that she'd be pulling out as soon as Paul left.

Kendra suppressed a shudder as she looked at Paul's pathetic excuse for a penis. He got hard if a stiff wind blew his way but could never maintain his puny erection. He only lasted a few strokes before he started sweating with the effort to keep from cumming too soon. A chore he always failed at without exception. Kendra barely had to feel the tiny prick enter her before the act was over. At least, she thought, I don't have much to clean since he only dribbles out a few drops of watery discharge before collapsing and acting like he's been fucking for hours. God this was awful, the money had better be worth it.

And speaking of which.

Kate said to Paul, "So listen stud, I was wondering when you were going to tell that wife of yours that it's over. I need my stud muffin all to myself. You need to leave that bitch so we can be together."

Paul turned back to his stunning lover and let his eyes trace a trail over her curvaceous body. Kendra had immaculate skin that was smooth as silk and soft as a cloud. Her breasts were magnificent and easily as big as Debra's with the exception that Kendra's tits had zero sag to them as they'd never been marred by the chore of breastfeeding. Her hips were wide enough to accommodate the perfect bubble butt he loved to grope and her long legs curved up into the perfect vee of her shaved pussy. He loved the delicate look of her bare labial folds puckered and damp after a phenomenal session of fucking. She was stunning. Simply stunning.

Paul let his eyes travel back up to Kendra's face before he said, "Well now that you mention it sweetheart, I'm telling her today. I've had it with her and I'm finally going to divorce her. I'll leave her with the kids and the bare minimum support payments so you and I will be free to do whatever we want. We'll have a wonderful life together."

Kendra smiled wickedly and motioned Paul back into bed as she spread her legs and pulled his head down between her thighs. "Oh Paulie, show me how much you love me! Do for me what you'll never do for that bitch." Paul had lied to Kendra saying he never went down on his wife. He told his secretary that it was he not Debbie who turned down sex.

The young woman grinned down at the stupid man slurping away at her freshly fucked pussy and thought, 'What a moron. Well he has his uses anyway. I'll get the money and keep him around to lick my twat every time I get fucked by a real stud.'

The evil Asian secretary settled back into her bed and closed her eyes as her sissy dupe licked her pussy obliviously.

Part Four

As Kate was settling in for the evening she heard a key in her front door which then burst open to admit her sister who seemed quite distraught from the outset. Kate was used to Debbie using the spare key and coming in any time so she wasn't disturbed by the interruption, just the state of her sister as she ran into the house and gripped Kate in a fierce hug.

“He’s leaving me!” Debbie sobbed into Kate’s shoulder.
“He’s fucking that Asian slut who works for him and he’s leaving me to be with her. He’s going to leave me with the kids and make sure I only get the bare minimum of support. He can do it too because he knows every judge and lawyer in town since they all play golf at his stupid club. What am I going to do Katie?”

Kate hugged her beloved sister and stroked her hair while saying in a soft voice, “It’ll be ok honey. I’ll make sure of it. I won’t let that bastard hurt you. It’s going to be fine.”

After 3 bottles of wine and a few hours of crying Kate finally left Debbie to sleep it off in her spare bedroom while she stewed about what a bastard Paul truly was. She knew that asshole was up to no good and now she had all the proof she needed. She was going to ruin her brother in law before he had a chance to hurt Debbie any further. Kate had made certain Debbie’s girls were taken care of for a few days by calling her

parents house, where Debbie said she'd left the girls, and asking them to take care of the Hobbits while she took care of her sister.

The older couple were happy to help out since they'd always hated Paul and wanted Debbie to make a clean break from the awful little man.

With that taken care of Kate settled in for the night to get some much needed rest before implementing the rest of her quickly formed plan. Despite her desire to sleep, Kate lay awake most of the night plotting revenge against her wimpy brother in law while listening to her sister occasionally sob herself in and out of a restless sleep.

By morning Kate was ready to put her plan in motion so she took a cup of coffee to her sister, and after gently waking the poor girl, told her, "I'm going in to work today but I won't be all day. I left a fresh pot of coffee and some bagels on the kitchen counter for you hun. You take your time and relax today. The Hobbits are fine with mom and dad and you're welcome here as long as you like. You can grab a shower and borrow anything you need from my closet. I'll be back later today and will bring something good for dinner."

Debbie smiled and said, "Thank you sis, I really appreciate you. I don't know how I'd deal with this without you."

Kate kissed her sister on the forehead then grabbed her keys and headed out the door. She drove quickly to the prison and quickly breezed by everyone on her way to her office. Her staff knew not to bother her when she was this focused.

Kate made a quick call down to the guardroom and waited a mere ten minutes till one of her guards, an average sized white man, brought in a hulking, muscular, adonis who looked to be cut from the blackest Onyx.



The guard, a man named Charles, looked more than a little intimidated by his charge and showed an almost comical respect toward the prisoner. Kate had to hold back laughter as she saw how frightened the white boy was of this far superior black man.

“That’ll be all Charly,” Kate said dismissively. Charles balked at being called Charly but recovered enough to say, “Are you sure Ma’am?”

Kate waved him off and was amused to see how fast the white boy scurried out of her office leaving her alone with the towering black man.

The buxom warden leaned back in her chair and looked over the massive wall of muscle before her. She felt the juices begin to flow between her legs and knew she’d have to rub one out in her private bathroom when she was alone again.

After motioning for the man to have a seat Kate said, “So Red, how are you enjoying your accommodations so far?”

The black man said, “Is that supposed to be funny? How the fuck you think I’m liking it here?”

Kate smiled and said, “Now, now there’s no need to get out of sorts, after all we’re just having a nice conversation. I simply have a couple of questions for you and then you can go back to whatever thrilling activity you were engaged in.”

Red sank back in his chair and eyed up the beautiful woman before him. He’d wanted to fuck this bitch since his first

day in this shitty rat trap and now here she was being nice to him. Could it be that the warden had a thing for dark chocolate? The black criminal smiled an oily smile while saying, “Ok warden, I’m listening. What can I do for you?”

Kate asked, “You still have quite a few connections on the street don’t you? I mean you are a man who can get things done, right?”

Red eyed the warden warily before saying, “If you tryin to jam me up for some shit you think I did from in here, you got the wrong man. I ain’t done shit.”

Kate quickly headed off the man’s righteous paranoia when she said, “No, no nothing like that Red. I’m actually looking for a rather difficult, awkward, and uncomfortable favor. You see I have a problem with someone on the outside and I need to teach him a painful lesson. Now if I can find someone who can help me with this delicate issue, someone who is very discreet and knows how to keep his friends in the clear, well I might see if I can’t find a way to make sure that person got out of here early. Very early. Do you know where I can find a friend like that Red? Are you my friend Red?”

“Oh, I can be a very good friend to you warden. You realize just by making that offer you’ve broken the law already though, right?” Red answered smugly.

“Well then that should tell you how serious I am. Listen Red, I’ve got a real vermin problem I need taken care of. My shitty brother in law is trying to hurt my sister and I need him

removed from her life and completely humiliated. If you can help me ruin that prick I'll make sure you get out in time to see your daughter graduate. That should be in just a few months right?"

Red leaned forward trying to hide his excitement. "Yeah, she'll be graduating in about 4 months but you know I still have six years on my sentence."

"Oh I know that, but I can absolutely guarantee you'll be out of here in three months if you do everything I tell you to. I've got it all planned out, I just need the right people to make it happen. So, are you my friend Red?" Kate asked, holding her breath. If this went sideways she could lose her job and possibly wind up on the other side of the bars. The next few seconds were crucial to her plan.

Red leaned back in his chair spreading his legs open wide and leaning back with his hands behind his head. He grinned when he saw the lady warden steal a glance at his immense package and thought again how much he'd love to fuck her.

For her part, Kate couldn't help but stare at Red's bulge. That couldn't possibly be his cock could it? She thought. The warden squeezed her thighs together feeling the dampness in her crotch spread as she awaited Red's response.

After an almost intolerable minute and a half the black man finally leaned up straight in his chair and smiled at the warden. "Yes Ma'am, I'm your friend." Kate reached over and shook

hands with the man with an evil grin on her face. “Good to know,” she said. “Let me tell you what I have planned.”

Part Five

Paul was cruising around in his beautiful, shiny, red corvette which his wife called his overcompensation mobile with his hot as hell Asian secretary, Kendra, with the wind whipping through their hair and not a care in the world. Paul had his hand on Kendra’s thigh and was moving it up toward her tight little box when out of nowhere a large black van pulled up next to them and began moving over as if to run them off the road. Kendra screamed and Paul, being a nervous driver, almost lost control. He somehow managed to pull off onto the shoulder while the van stopped directly in front of the little, red, corvette blocking it’s escape.

The double back doors of the van opened and two men in hoods and masks jumped out. A third man joined them from the passenger side while the driver stayed put keeping the engine idling. Paul yelled out, “What the fuck is going on?” while poor Kendra simply sat still in complete shock. She’d grown up in a dangerous neighborhood and knew better than to antagonize men like these.

Paul was gearing up for another question or at the very least to scream but before he could react one of the men pulled a black bag over his head and he felt a sharp pinch like a needle in his neck. He was unconscious before the men had him in the van. Kendra simply sat still until the van pulled out then began

screaming for help while frantically fumbling with her phone to call the police.

In the van four very large black men pulled off their masks while laughing and making jokes about how scared the white boy and his girlfriend had looked. They loved nothing better than bringing a wealthy, white boy down a few pegs and this job from Red was the perfect opportunity to do just that. Red had been very specific about what he wanted done to the white boy but there was plenty of room for interpretation. The men thought they could have a good time with this punk ass faggot before finishing Red's plan.

These black men all lived in Red's old neighborhood and the driver, Darrel, was Red's brother. Darrel's three friends, Benny, John, and Mutt were as close to him as brothers so this caper was just another adventure for the four of them. Darrel thought of how great it would be to have Red back home and was thrilled to do anything to help him get parrolled. He laughed when he thought of all the things Red wanted done to this white wimp and couldn't wait to get started. He drove straight to the local tattoo parlor where Benny worked and parked in the back so no one would see them carrying their unconscious load in the rear entrance. Benny had kept the shop closed today and had rescheduled any appointments in anticipation of the day's fun.

Mutt was the biggest of the group and had no problem hoisting Paul over his shoulder and carrying him into the shop. The four of them got comfortable over a bottle of bourbon as Benny got all of his instruments ready. John and Mutt stripped Paul of his clothing and all four black men stood back in shock

as they saw what lay between the white boy's legs. Darrel said, "That fucking thing cannot be real. There ain't no way that's a real dick. It looks like a model someone made of a dick in like, miniature size for a school project or something." The men roared with laughter and Mutt said, "Fuck man, that's like half of my pinky finger. Shit, wait, I think it's exactly the same size as my pinky toe!" More laughter as they stared with disgust at Paul's shortcomings.

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They tied Paul to what looked like a barber's chair and three of them looked on as Benny sketched a design on the white canvas of Paul's body, each of them commenting on the tiny pink worm now completely hidden by Paul's bare thighs. They had another laugh at the lack of hair on their victim, noticing how he was as smooth as a teen girl pre puberty. This white boy was a fucking joke and the black men were now getting into the job of fucking him over simply because they hated how much he looked like one of those tranny sissies they'd seen in porn.

Part Six

Paul felt groggy and sore when he regained consciousness for a short time. He slowly opened his eyes to see himself surrounded by hulking, muscular black men who were smoking and drinking while staring intently at him. He couldn't manage to speak at all and he was foggy at best in his notion of what was happening. The trapped white boy managed to lift his head slightly and imagined he saw himself naked and tied to a chair like in the salon where he had his hair cut. It looked as though one of the men was using a tattoo gun on him and he could swear he saw pink coloring on his chest.

“Hey! I think the fairy's waking up.” John said, and Paul turned his head toward the voice. Suddenly there was a gun pointed directly at Paul's face and he heard another voice say, “I got dis,” before Paul felt a familiar prick in his neck. The terrified white boy heard heavy laughter as his consciousness faded again and he returned to the dark, black, dreamscape.

When Paul next woke he found he couldn't move at all and realized he was tied up but in a different location. He was laying on a smelly, stained mattress on a cold, cement floor with a single lightbulb hanging above him. There were dark shapes moving toward him and he felt a tightness on his left arm. When Paul looked down he saw a rubber hose tied around his upper arm and saw two huge black hands holding him still. Paul was no fool and knew the needle being pushed into his arm had to be filled with heroin. He still couldn't speak and struggled to stop what was happening but all he was surrounded by darkness and laughter that became warped by the warm feeling of the drugs being pumped into his vein. The last thing Paul heard before blacking out was, "I'm gonna fuck his mouth again."

There was a loud crashing noise and Paul slowly turned his head to investigate. He was still under the influence of strong drugs and could not even lift his head off the dirty mattress. He heard shouting and loud footsteps then a blinding light cut off his vision as he felt rough hands grab at him and lift him off the floor. Just before his consciousness left him again Paul could see blue uniforms and a glimpse of a gold badge. He was elated to think he'd finally been saved from this horrible nightmare of waking dreams. Paul's elation was short lived however, as he felt the cold steel of handcuffs being clamped painfully around his thin wrists. The men surrounding him were all laughing hysterically and commenting on the sissy whore they were arresting. He heard men using words like "Slut" "Faggot" "Whore" and "Cumdump" while they pushed him around as if playing hot potato and not wanting to lay hands on him. One of the officers said, "Fuck this bitch is slimy as hell! Is it covered

in cum? What a disgusting fucking drug hoe we got here boys.” Paul tried to say, “No!” but only managed to mumble incoherently before everything went black again.

The next time Paul opened his eyes he was standing in what seemed to be a courtroom with a ratty old blanket draped over his shoulders. Paul looked up at a large black man in a black robe sitting high up at a desk and realized this was a judge and he was indeed standing in court wearing handcuffs. The judge glared down at Paul and said, “Since you can’t seem to find it within yourself to answer my questions I have no choice but to find you guilty as charged of possession with intent to distribute, use of an illegal substance which has been identified as heroin, assault on a police officer which has been noted by several of the city’s finest upon your arrest, and finally, public intoxication and indecent exposure as you entered my courtroom in nothing but a blanket! Bailiff, remove this creature from my court and call someone to disinfect the floor where it was standing.”

Paul tried desperately to speak up and plead his innocence. He was confused and still feeling the full effects of the drugs as he was dragged from the courtroom to the sounds of raucous laughter and snide comments about his appearance from the assembled vagrants, hookers, pimps, and drug dealers filling the courts bench like seats. Paul blacked out again as people he would normally never look at due to their low position in life jeered at him and called him disgusting names.

Flash! And Paul was awake. He was standing in front of a camera that had just taken his picture. A tall black man in a

uniform pulled Paul over to a desk and roughly manhandled the white boy's arm to begin fingerprinting him. Before long all of Paul's fingertips were covered in ink and he was being forced into another room. There was loud laughter coming from every angle and no matter where Paul looked he saw black faces and blue uniforms. Paul found himself in a small room the likes of which he'd seen in many cop shows. This was an interrogation room but he wasn't alone with just one or two cops. No, this room was filled with laughing officers, at least twelve men and women all wearing uniforms and every one of them African American.

Suddenly Paul's meager blanket was ripped from his shoulders and he could see himself in the wall sized mirror which he knew instinctively was not a mirror at all but two way glass. He could hear more laughter from behind the mirror and knew in the next room more officers were laughing at his predicament. But that was not the most disturbing thing by far.

Paul stared into the mirror in complete shock. He could not make his brain admit what it was seeing. This could not be real, no fucking way. The shape in the mirror was definitely Paul, of that there was no doubt. But what the white boy saw of himself was a nightmare. He was completely nude but covered in what looked like paint. His body was painted to look like he was wearing lady's lingerie. Across Paul's chest was a lacy pink bra the likes of which only a lowly streetwalker would wear. Matching panties with a lace opening where his tiny package was located, a pink garter belt with white roses painted on it, realistic garter belts seemed to connect to hot pink stockings that started with a lacy top and travelled all the way down to

completely cover his feet. Paul's belly button was surrounded by a large spade you would see in a deck of cards, the black symbol was at least two inches tall and just as wide. His nipples were darkened so they stood out against the paint of the bra and the white boy looked like a freak.

As tears rolled down his cheeks Paul looked at his face in the mirror. His lips were bright red, a color his wife refused to wear because it looked "too slutty". His cheeks seemed to have a bright pink color and his eyes were painted in a bright blue shadow with deep black eyeliner. He looked like a cheap hooker and couldn't wait to rub all this ridiculous paint from his body. Paul was crying heavily as all around him the police laughed and snapped photos with their phones.

Suddenly Paul felt someone push him flat against the table with his naked ass sticking straight up and out toward the two way mirror. A heavy black woman who had to weigh at least 350lbs was strapping a rubber glove onto her right hand as she made her way over to Paul. She began to laugh out loud as she said, "I doubt I'm gonna need any lube with dis here hoe! But I got to do my job and make sure she ain't carrying no contraband down into the cells."

More laughter from the assembled cops as Paul cried out in pain when the large woman shoved her finger into his asshole. She wiggled it around and said, "Nope, nothing up here. Yet!" A statement that triggered more evil laughter. The cruel woman turned Paul around to face the assembled crowd and with her thick finger still in his ass began to make fun of him as if she were a ventriloquist and the white boy was her dummy.

The large black woman shoved another finger inside her prisoner and manipulated his body up and down with her strong right arm. “Look at me! I’m a sissy whore! I suck dick for money!” The woman said in a voice that sounded slutty and as close to how she thought a white boy should sound.

The room filled with laughter as Paul began to cry in pain and humiliation but his tormentor wasn’t finished. “There ain’t no heroin up my ass but there sure is plenty of room for dick!” She said while Paul bounced on her hand with every word. “I can’t wait for some big black daddy to fill my sissy ass with his superior load. Maybe my tiny clit will grow if I get all that thick, testosterone filled, black jizz up my ass. I’ll just have to fuck and suck as many brothers as I can till I find out.”

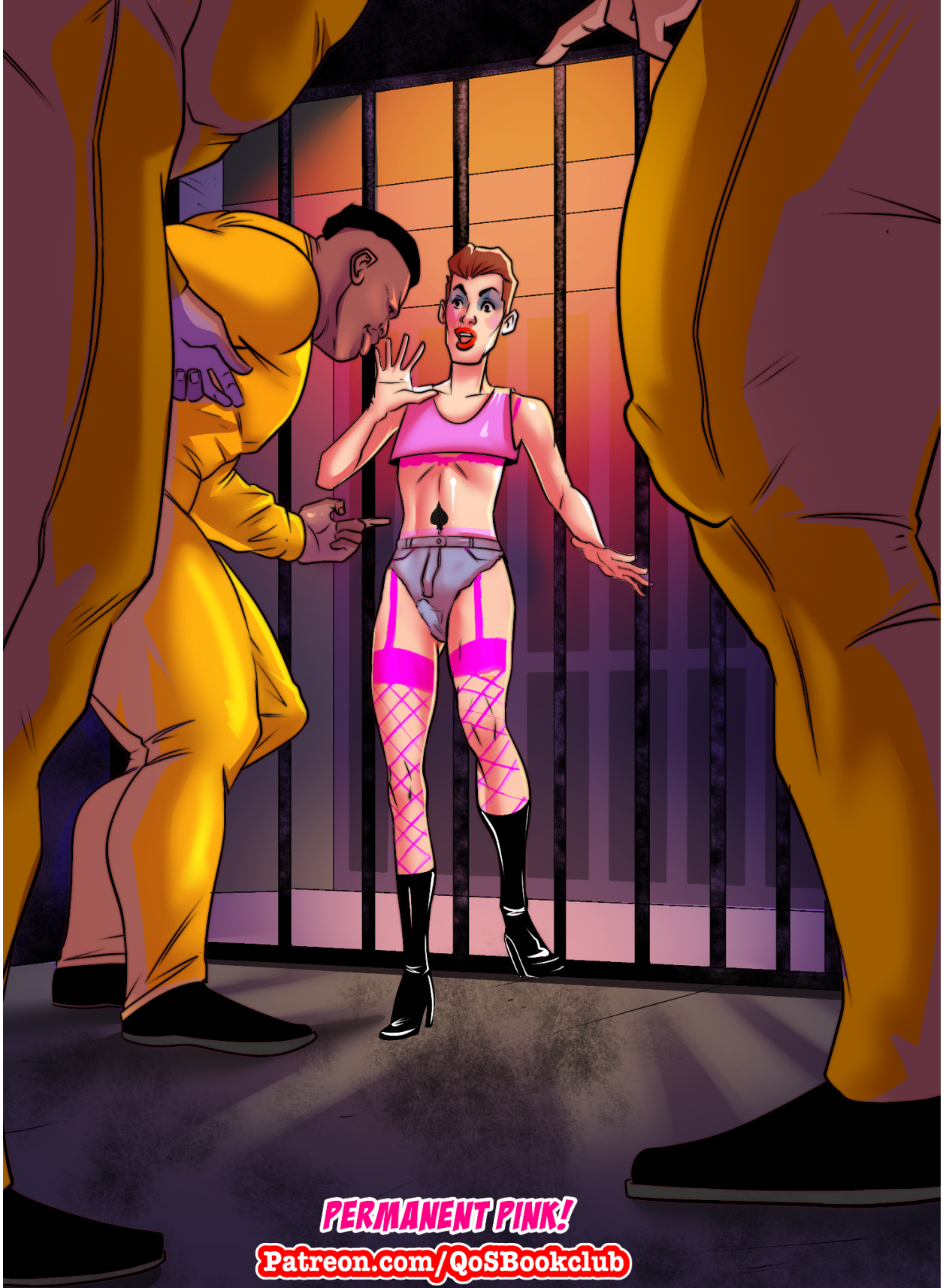
Paul begged, “Please stop. I don’t even know what I’m doing here. Please, I just want to go home.”

A huge, bald, black man stepped forward and said, “Oh you are going home, new fish. You got a brand new home waiting for you with lots of bars and black dick. You gonna love it. Now let the bitch go, Devina so I can take him to the tank.”

The black woman let out a disappointed sigh then said, “Fine, ruin my fun. Take my little puppet to meet his new friends.” She then pulled her fingers from Paul’s sore ass, slapped him hard on his bare ass cheek, then pushed him toward the bald guard.

Paul was dragged down a dark hallway then down three flights of stairs before being shoved into a small cell in a dreary corner of the basement. The cell was no more than fifteen by fifteen and held eight disgusting looking black men who all looked as though they'd been drinking or doing drugs. Paul still had no clothes and begged the officer to take pity on him. A small bundle of clothing was thrown in Paul's face and the officer said, "Grabbed these from the lost and found. Some of your hooker friends musta left em. Enjoy your stay fagboy."

With that the officer left poor Paul in the cage with a group of criminals. Paul quickly sorted out the clothes and was dismayed to find a pair of red short shorts known as hotpants, a very small pink half shirt with the phrase "I swallow" written across the chest, and a pair of black spiked heel boots that came halfway up his calves. The black men in the cell all laughed at the white boy as he got dressed and one or two of them actually tried to fondle Paul.



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When he was dressed, Paul dragged himself over to a corner of the cell and sat on the floor with his back against the bars. He immediately began using his own spit to try and rub away the paint covering his body. After more than half an hour of hard scrubbing Paul's memory began to drip back in slowly. He remembered the tattoo parlor. Oh fuck no! The tattoo parlor.

This was not painted on. It was tattoo ink and he was now permanently covered in a pink nightmare. The white boy began to cry there on the floor of the disgusting lockup not even noticing the attention he was beginning to garner from the other prisoners.

The largest man in the cell stood up and walked over to Paul standing directly in front of the sobbing sissy. "Hey bitch! I'm Lamar. I'll be your daddy while you're here. Daddy will take real good care of you." Paul looked up, startled by the intrusion into his misery, and saw an enormous, muscular man standing before him slowly unbuckling his belt. Paul tried to back away but was stopped by the bars of the cell. The black man chuckled and said, "Just relax snowflake, Daddy and his friends just want to play with you for a while. You gonna be a good girl for Daddy ain't you baby?"

Before anyone could do or say anymore two guards with different uniforms came in and unlocked the cell door. "Looking for Paul Grant! Grant, get your ass outta there, you're being moved straight to the Homeboy Hotel. The warden there must have a hardon for you cause your paperwork was rushed through. Sorry boys, you'll have to play with your new toy when you meet up with him in the State Pen."

Lamar smiled at Paul as the sissy rushed past him to escape the tiny cell. The black man who called himself Daddy said, "I'll be seeing you real soon snowflake. You and me gonna be good friends."

Part Seven

Paul was terrified during the entire ride across the county to the prison. He still wore the humiliating clothing he'd been given in the lockup and was a filthy mess from his time of confusion and blackouts. The poor white boy still had no idea what exactly had happened to him during his cloudy period but he was beginning to feel sick to his stomach, nauseated, and covered with cold sweat. He had no idea that he'd been pumped full of heroin during the time his captors had held him but the effects of withdrawal were starting to show up with a vengeance.

After being escorted through the prison proper into the administrative side of the operation Paul was feeling hopeful that his sister in law was trying to help him by expediting his processing procedure. Maybe Kate was trying to save him!

The white boy was pushed into a large office and dumped unceremoniously onto the floor at the feet of his wife's sister. Kate grinned down at Paul with evil in her eyes and quickly dispelled any notion he'd had of her saving him.

"Well look at you Pauly boy. How far you've fallen. Looks like ole Red will be leaving us tomorrow. I'll have to get his

parole processed right away. He really delivered on his promise.” Kate said with a laugh. She continued, “But you have no idea what I’m talking about do you Pauly? No, you’ve been too busy losing your precious lifestyle to figure it all out haven’t you? I set you up you stupid fuck! How dare you cheat on my sister? Well now you’re gonna find out just how powerful I am, little man. I’m the only power inside these walls and you are my bitch now.”

Paul looked up from the floor and said, “My god Kate how could you do all this to me? I’m sorry for whatever you think I may have done but this is really going too far. They tattooed my skin for fuck’s sake! How could you? Debbie will never forgive you for this!”

Kate laughed and said, “Is that true sis? Will you never forgive me?”

Paul could barely breathe as his wife stepped out of the bathroom and looked down at him with disgust. “Oh sis, I forgive you completely. I know you were only looking out for me. Anything you did was because you love me more than this pathetic sissy ever did.”

The white sissy on the floor begged as he sobbed, “Please Debbie, I never meant to hurt you. I love you! Kendra meant nothing to me. Please baby, get me out of here so we can start over. Please!”

The two women laughed as Debbie said, “Oh you stupid little fairy, you just don’t get it do you? I’m done with you.

While you've been kept busy by Kate's associates I've been very busy myself. An accountant friend of one of Kate's prisoners helped me transfer all of your money into my name. We found it all. Even the accounts in the Cayman Islands. Every penny is mine now. All of the properties are in my name too. You are penniless. I've decided not to divorce you though. I still want control over what happens to you and only your spouse can sign any legal documents for your care."

Paul began begging again but Kate stopped him with, "Shut the fuck up sissy! Stand up so your wife can have a look at you."

The white boy tried to pull himself to his feet with dignity but failed miserably as he could not stop sniffing and crying. When he stood up the women began laughing immediately.

Debbie said, "Oh fuck you really did a number on him Katie! He looks like a cheap, faggot, whore from down on J street."

Kate said, "No, the hookers on J have more dignity than this pathetic little fag. No he's much further down the food chain than those tranny bitches."

Debbie circled around her husband taking in his new look. From the hotpants to the shirt proclaiming he swallowed, the tattooed on lingerie and makeup, and finally the twitching, runny nose, and sweating, it all came together to announce this pathetic specimen as a sissy cumdump. Deborah could not be more pleased with the outcome.

Kate said, "I really do have to get him processed Debs. Anything you want to do or say before I send him away?"

"Yes" Debbie said as she dug into her purse. "I want this put on him." She held up a strange pink tube made of hard acrylic and showed it to her sister. "It's a chastity cage. I want his useless little pecker locked up for good. I want him to always remember how good he had it before he decided to fuck that little skank. Any time his tiny pecker tries to get stiff he'll think of me when all he feels touching it is cold, hard silicone."

Kate laughed hard at this latest indignity to be tossed at Paul and said, "Take off those shorts sissy."

Paul said, "Fuck you!"

Kate slapped him hard across the face then motioned behind the white boy. The guards who'd brought Paul in entered the room and grabbed him tightly between them. Kate smiled as she slid up to Paul and breathed into his ear, "This will be my pleasure."

The tough warden slowly slipped off her brother in law's shorts exposing his tiny penis to the room. The guards laughed harder than the women as their boss said, "Damn Debs, I'm so sorry you ever had to deal with that thing. I mean it looks like a dick but in miniature form. Are you sure that cage won't slip off?"

Debbie said, "No dear, I bought a small size to make sure. It's not the smallest but after a while being locked up, his peepee

will actually shrink smaller than it is if you can believe it. Then we'll see about a smaller size.”

Paul tried to thrash and kick himself free but the towering black guards held him firmly as his wife bent to the task of locking him in chastity. She pulled his tiny balls through a hoop then pulled the tube onto his shriveled penis. Her soft touch made Paul's little dick stiffen and both women laughed at the effort it made to stand tall. The big, Alpha male guards snickered at the little fags pitiful display as they all watched him frantically try to hide his impending erection.

“Oh my god this is turning the little fag on!” Kate said.

Debbie laughed and said, “I always knew he was a bit of a freak but this is just sad.”

Paul grunted in discomfort as the plastic tube squeezed his manhood tightly. The combined pressure and the soft touch of his wife's hands made the most embarrassing thing possible happen to the white boy. He squirted his meager jiss into the plastic tube and a few drops leaked out onto the floor. He'd always had a hair trigger but this was sad even for Paul. The exhaustion, pain, humiliation and dope sickness had all combined to force an unwanted orgasm in front of these sadistic people.

One of the guards said, “What the fuck is wrong with this faggot?” to the laughter of the entire room. “There are young men going through puberty that have more control than this fucking sissy.” The guard looked at Debbie and said, “Darling, if

I may, you need yourself a real man to satisfy you. I'd be more than happy to take you out and show you a truly good time."

Debbie winked at the handsome black man as she fastened a padlock onto the cage on her husband's dicky and locked it with a satisfying click. She wiped her hands clean in Paul's hair then stepped back to admire her work. Both sisters laughed along with the guards at the sight before them. This was the most pathetic thing any of them had ever seen.

Paul tried begging again with, "Please Debbie take me home. Please, I'm so sorry. You can't leave me here with this crazy bitch!"

Kate laughed and said, "Crazy bitch? Oh Pauly you really shouldn't have said that. Ok guys take him to his cell. He won't be needing a uniform."



As the guards dragged Paul out of the room Kate said, “Oh by the way Pauly, that sickness you’re feeling? It’s heroin withdrawal. You’ll need to find some quickly or you’re going to feel a hell of a lot worse very soon. I hear your new cellmate is holding. Maybe if you’re really nice to him he’ll give you a taste.”

Paul could hear the cruel laughter of the two women as he was pulled out of the room and down the hall toward his new life.

Part Eight

As he was escorted down the cold hallway Paul began to shiver in fear as well as withdrawal and desperately tried to look at nothing but the floor. From each direction he was being assailed by rude comments from the prisoners in the rows of cells he passed. “New fish” was a popular call as well as “Fresh meat”. The white boy was terrified to notice just how many prisoners were black men.

Paul had always been intimidated by black men, so much so that his fear had turned to racism. He would make rude jokes and comments to his friends at the country club not caring if the wait staff could hear him as he considered them beneath him. But now he would be locked in with these animals and his fear was threatening to take over his mind.

Suddenly the guard stopped and shoved Paul into an open cell. Paul staggered in and bumped directly into the current occupant of the cell. Looking up, the white boy shrieked in fear when he saw the face of Lamar, the man who'd tried to assault him in the county lockup.

Lamar leered down at the white boy and said, "Watch where the fuck you goin bitch! Oh shit! It's you! It's my new girlfriend from the can! Oh baby I knew you couldn't resist me forever. No wonder we all got dragged out here so fast. Warden must know how much you missed me."

Paul quickly looked back at the guard and said, "There must be some mistake, please I can't stay with this man, he threatened me once already. Please, you have to move me."

The guard laughed and said, "I don't have to do shit boy. Besides, the warden picked your celly for you herself. She thought you two needed some quality time together after she got a call from her buddy down at county."

Paul was horrified at what was happening to him. Fucking Kate had set him up good. She'd had him kidnapped, framed, and persecuted. And now she'd stuck him in a cage with a madman. Tears filled the whiteboy's eyes as the guard locked the cell. Paul turned to his cellmate and said, "Please can we start over? I have money. I mean I had money and once I get this all straightened out I'll have money again and I'll pay you. Anything you want. Just promise you won't hurt me."

“Oh baby, I ain’t gonna hurt you. You gonna be my special friend. See I been in this place before and I got lots of contacts. I’m gonna take good care of you. Well, you gonna take good care of me and then if you’re very good, I’ll watch out for you.”

Paul shrunk away from the big man and tried his best to melt into the wall of the cell. Lamar moved in until he was pressed against the shaking white sissy and said, “Now I understand you been hurtin baby. I got some medicine for you, gonna fix you right up.”

Before Paul knew what was happening he was being held down on the bottom bunk, pinned helpless by the huge, muscular arms of Lamar. With practiced ease Lamar tied off Paul’s arm with a rubber hose and pulled a syringe from the waistband of his prison uniform. Paul tried to scream but the big man had him in a choke hold preventing him from making a sound.

Lamar said, “You’re gonna feel a little prick. Then you gonna take care of a much bigger one. Haha!”

With that the black man slid the needle into Paul’s arm and injected him with heroin. Paul knew the feeling immediately and was thrilled by the instant relief from his pain. He floated on a beautiful cloud and melted from Lamar’s grasp.

The big man stood and began pulling off his pants as he said, “That’s right snowflake, ride that wave. Daddy made you feel good, now you make Daddy feel even better.”

Paul felt himself being pulled up onto his knees and he stared directly at the biggest penis he'd ever seen. It looked amazing to his drug addled mind and he even smiled at how comical it all was.

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Paul inhaled and breathed in the musky scent of the black man's sweaty balls and cock overwhelmed by the horrendous stench of another man's unwashed package. The drugs helped Paul to go along with what was happening but only up to a point. He was still a man damn it and he would not be treated this way.

The poor white boy tried to lift his arms to fight off his tormentor but could barely do more than flop them around at his sides. Lamar held Paul's head in his left hand by the sissy's hair and used his right hand to rub his huge cock all over the white boy's face.

“Yeah, you gonna learn to love how my dick smells. You gonna wear that scent every day like perfume bitch. You feel the heat coming off that dick? Feel it getting hard? Oh you thought this was as big as it got? Hell no bitch. This monster is eleven inches of Mississippi black snake and you gonna learn to take the whole thing in both your sissy holes. Ain't that gonna be fun?”

Paul heard the words and knew he should be angry and afraid but he was loving the drugs far too much at this point to stop what was happening. He simply allowed the black man to rub his enormous cock all over his face as he mumbled words like, “No, stop, don't, please.”

Soon Lamar was satisfied his dick was as hard as it would get and he wanted to release the pent up sperm in his giant balls. He was dying to bust his nut as he usually had to release three or

four times a day to keep from being uncomfortable. The man was a machine when it came to producing sperm and massive erections. He was able to fuck for hours and cum several times a day without difficulty. A fact Paul would soon learn to despise.

Lamar was currently using Paul's face to massage his balls as he said, "Feel that boy? That is a quart of thick baby batter looking for a new home. My nuts get filled quickly and it gets a bit painful, so I need to shoot my load before I can go to sleep. Thankfully they brought us all here so I could get my nut taken care of by my new girlfriend. Ain't you lucky?"

As he spoke, Lamar began painting Paul's lips with his precum loving the vibrations as Paul continued to argue for him to stop. Lamar looked down at the tattooed makeup on Paul's face and laughed. "Oh you gonna fit right in here bitch. The brothers are gonna go nuts over you. I'm gonna make a fortune selling your ass. Now let me get a taste of the merchandise. Open up faggot."

Paul whimpered, "No" but could do nothing to stop what was happening. He tried to clench his jaw and lips tight but Lamar knew how to handle bitches like this. He'd been running hoe's for years and knew all the tricks.

The menacing black man reached down and gripped one of Paul's tattooed nipples between his fingertips then twisted and squeezed at the same time while pulling the flesh out away from Paul's body. The white boy screamed in pain and as soon as his mouth was open, Lamar shoved the head of his cock inside.

“I feel one tooth scrape my dick and I’ll pull every one of those mother fuckers out of your head by morning. You got me bitch?” Lamar asked.

Paul could not reply as he was dealing with quite a lot at the moment but he nodded his head slightly to make sure Lamar wouldn’t take out his teeth.

Paul could feel his lips being stretched around the bulbous head of the black cock and was surprised at how silky smooth the skin of the penis was. It felt as though the softness of his own lips was duplicated by the cushion-like texture of the meaty glans. The tip of Paul’s tongue brushed against the piss slit on Lamar’s cock and the white boy tasted the salty precum as it leaked into his mouth. The amount of precum was tremendous and Paul thought it was more abundant than his own load when he actually came.

The taste was unpleasant but not as revolting as Paul thought and he imagined he might actually get through this horror. Lamar’s hand gripped the back of Paul’s head and the white boy was shocked by the strength of the man’s grasp. Lamar began using Paul’s mouth to jack himself off since he knew there was no way the sissy could take much of his cock this first time. The black thug smiled down at his new toy as he bounced the white face into his cock over and over. He was enjoying the sensation of the soft lips and tongue against his cock head and decided he would like having Paul as a cellmate. He loved having his own personal cumdump, especially if it was a white boy. Nothing better than humiliating and owning a white boy. They were the lowest of the low in his opinion.

Paul was gulping and gasping and making all sorts of amusing noises that pleased his sadistic cellmate. The pitiful sissy could barely breathe and was burning with humiliation that overwhelmed the wonderful feelings the drugs had created. No high was powerful enough to make him forget what was happening. He was sucking another man's penis! A black man! This was horrible.

Tears of shame ran down Paul's face as he was used by the black man. Lamar began breathing heavily and moaning as he fucked away at the kneeling wimp's mouth. All of a sudden Paul felt the head of his abuser's cock stiffen as a thick rope of cum filled his mouth. Shot after shot of salty, creamy cum filled the white boy's cheeks as he refused to swallow. The cum was soon running out the sides of his mouth and then began shooting from his nose to the delight of his captor. Lamar growled with lust at his violent release then pushed the sissy away from his crotch with a loud snarl.

"Damn boy that was good! Now I'm going to sleep so I don't want to hear your sissy ass crying all night. You just come to grips with what happened here and keep fucking quiet. Now clean up this mess. You can sleep on the floor by my bed tonight. I don't want you climbing over me to get to the top bunk." The black man tucked his dick back in his pants and crawled into his bed. He turned his back on Paul, not worried in the least about the white boy attacking him.

For his part, Paul lay there shaking for nearly an hour making sure to keep his sobbing quiet. He then slowly wiped up

the cum from the floor and from his body and face before curling into the fetal position by the side of Lamar's bunk. Sleep did not come easy for Paul but eventually the day caught up with him and he fell into a nightmare fueled rest dreaming about what horrors the next day would bring.

Part Nine

Paul followed closely behind Lamar as they made their way to breakfast the next morning and nearly stumbled several times from random strangers groping him in line. The white boy found himself surrounded by black inmates who called him names and teased him in threatening voices.

“Awe shit! Look at that white boy! Is that shit tattooed on him? What the fuck kind of faggot is he?” One man yelled. “Hey Lamar, are you renting that sissy out?” Hollered another. One particularly large man who had to weigh 350 pounds leaned into Paul's face and said, “Lamar still owes me a pack of smokes. I think I'll just rent your ass for the night and call it even.”

By the time they reached the cafeteria the white boy was sobbing openly and leaning in toward Lamar for protection. The black thug smiled down at his property and thought to himself, “Too fucking easy”.

Paul was made to carry Lamar's breakfast tray to his table but was not allowed to get any food for himself. Lamar gave the white boy a small cup of yogurt and said, “This is all you'll

need. I like my bitches to be lean. You on a protein diet anyway hoe.”

The men at the table laughed at the sissy’s discomfort and made rude comments about Lamar’s newest acquisition.

“Yo Lamar! How’d you get this little bitch? Wasn’t your ass out on the street yesterday?” One man asked.

“Yeah, fuckers got me on a parole violation. Hell I thought I’d be waiting in County for a few days but the warden got me hustled right in here. I think she knew this sissy wanted it’s daddy around.”

Paul couldn’t help what came out of his mouth. He promised himself he wouldn’t let these despicable people know anything about him, but at the mention of his sister in law he lost his temper. “That fucking bitch!” He said much to the delight of the men at the table.

“Oh shit, you know the warden sissy?” Lamar asked. “Now don’t you lie to daddy, cause if I ever find out, I’ll knock your fucking teeth out.”

Paul felt fresh tears running down his cheeks as he said, “Yes, she’s my wife’s sister. It’s her fault I’m in here. She set me up.”

The table erupted in laughter then Lamar said, “Damn sissy she hates your ass. She is not someone to fuck with. Looks like I

have a way to keep her happy. The more I torment and abuse you, the better the warden will treat me.”

Paul was mortified. He felt like a fool for telling this thug the truth. Now he was truly fucked. He knew the black man was right, Kate would be happy to hear of him being abused.

Lamar smiled at Paul and said, “Shit boy you ain’t eating your breakfast. I’m gonna help you out.” With that the black man reached down and pulled his enormous cock from his pants and said, “Now you be a good bitch and jack daddy off real nice. Use that dainty had of yours to make me feel good. Now bitch!”

Paul jumped in fear but realized he had no choice at all. He reached down and wrapped his fingers around Lamar’s thick cock and slowly began to stroke the man to full erectness. It was mere seconds before Lamar’s cock was hard as steel and pointing directly up at the ceiling. Paul was surprised the mushroom shaped head wasn’t visible over the tabletop, such was the length of the massive weapon.

Lamar said, “Now hold your little yogurt cup down near the tip of my dick. Daddy’s gonna flavor your breakfast with your favorite sauce.”

The other men laughed heartily as they watched the white boy jerking off their friend. They loved nothing more than seeing a rich, white boy put in his place like this.

Paul sobbed but obeyed saying, “Please sir, haven’t you humiliated me enough already? Please, I just want to be left alone.”

“Funny,” Lamar said. “You're saying that but you're still stroking my dick and pointing it at your food. Ain’t no real man who would ever let that happen. You must love this shit sissy boy.”

Paul thought of stopping. He really did. He wanted nothing more than to punch Lamar in his smug face and run from this nightmare. But in reality he knew how that would end. He’d be beaten severely and his horrible sister in law would put him right back here after he’d healed. He was trapped.

Lamar said, “Open your mouth bitch. Lean up here and open your mouth.”

Paul was confused but he obeyed. The white boy leaned up toward his black captor and opened his mouth wide. He never stopped stroking the bigger man’s dick the entire time.

Lamar leaned down over Paul’s face and slowly spit out a huge wad of saliva. The foamy, white spit hovered over the sissy’s mouth for a couple of seconds before gravity took charge and pulled it down into Paul’s waiting mouth.

One of the other inmates said, “Damn, he looks like a baby bird being fed.”

Everyone but Paul laughed and laughed as Lamar showed his dominance over the white boy. He grinned down at Paul who looked more miserable than anyone ever should and said, “Now spit that down on my dick to lube it up. I’m ready to shoot and I need some stimulation.”

Paul made a small noise from the back of his throat as fresh tears rolled down his face. He leaned over Lamar’s cock and let the mouthful of black man’s spit spill out over the velvety head of the huge cock.

Paul’s fingers quickly became slick and slimy with saliva and his hand moved more easily over Lamar’s cock as the white boy stroked faster and faster. Lamar leaned back with his hands behind his head and smiled at his good fortune. He loved being serviced by white boys and he knew he now owned this one completely. He couldn’t wait to talk to the warden about some special privileges.

The thought of how much his life inside would change for the better made Lamar so happy he felt himself ready to shoot. He grinned down at his property and said, “Don’t miss a drop snowflake.”

No sooner had he uttered those words than Lamar felt his cock spasm and he began to shoot frozen ropes of cum directly into his pet’s breakfast.



Paul had only eaten a couple of spoonfuls of yogurt so there wasn't a lot of room in the container which quickly became a problem.

Lamar had always cum bucket loads and today was no exception. The yogurt container filled then overflowed quickly covering the sissy's hand with sticky sperm. Lamar pushed his pet white boy away after the last of his orgasm shuddered through him saying, "Damn sissy, you nasty! We gonna sit here till you eat all your food. Now get busy."

Paul was a wreck, crying and sobbing as he looked at the mess in his hands. Lamar never raised a hand against him which proved to everyone at the table what a true sissy faggot this white boy really was. With no outward force, just his iron stare, Lamar had another human being acting as his personal slave. It was wonderful for the other inmates to witness such a display of black superiority.

They laughed and taunted Paul as he licked his fingers clean. Everyone at the table taunted him as he said, "Yummy! Thank you daddy!" at Lamar's insistence. They howled and hooted at the white boy's humiliation. When he picked up a spoon and began eating his cum laced yogurt the assembled black men all made sounds of disgust. Paul was forced to eat every last drop much to the delight of Lamar and his friends.

"See, now that's a healthy breakfast for a white boy." Lamar said. "That might even help your sissy clit to look more like a dick. All that testosterone is good for you."

Paul swallowed over and over while sweat poured from his face and he gagged constantly. He tried so very hard to not be sick as he knew it would not end well for him if he did. Lamar smiled and said, “That’s a good boy. Keep it all down. Don’t you dare get sick or I’ll be offended. After all I seasoned your breakfast specially for you.”

Paul cringed as the inmates all laughed. “It’s shower time.” Lamar said. The black man stood up and patted his thigh saying, “C’mon boy. C’mon. Let’s go to the shower boy, c’mon.” As if he were calling a dog. Paul stood up and followed his cellmate to a new humiliation. As they left the cafeteria toward the shower room Paul noticed a frightening occurrence. Several white boys like him were following large black men out of the room. The white boys were all dressed like sissy prostitutes and acted like swishy little fags. Fear gripped Paul as he realized how his life was falling apart and heading in that very same direction.

Part Ten

Two weeks had gone by and Paul had yet to hear from his wife or his attorney. His life was a series of humiliations at the hands of his sadistic cellmate, Lamar, and the overwhelming number of black men incarcerated in this hellhole. Paul woke his celly every morning with a blowjob, careful not to make the mistake of touching Lamar’s dick with his teeth. He’d been unable to sit for two days after the spanking he’d received last time.

After breakfast, which usually consisted of a single serving of yogurt flavored by Lamar, Paul headed for the showers where Lamar would rent out his sissy's mouth for cigarettes or commissary tokens. Paul spent his shower time on his knees every single day having his mouth fucked by a never ending line of black dick.



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His jaw was always sore and he'd developed a soft raspy voice that the other cons loved. They said he sounded like one of those big titted old movie stars from the 40s.

Paul was forced to wear any number of degrading outfits every day despite the prison having rules about what the inmates could wear. It seems this prison had a program developed by the warden, Paul's hated sister in law, aimed at helping those inmates looking to transition into the women they always knew themselves to be. Paul found himself enrolled in that program against his protestations and therefore was allowed to wear the feminine, sissy clothes his cellmate picked out for him.

Today Paul found himself in a tight, pink, spandex mini skirt that ended just an inch or so below his chastity device. Under it was a matching pink thong that everyone could see when he bent over. His tattooed on stockings were good enough for Lamar but he'd added a pair of black, six inch, stiletto heels to keep the sissy off balance. A lacy, white, half shirt tied off just below Paul's chest had puffy short sleeves that made the sissy look trampy and innocent at the same time. You could clearly see the tattoo of a pink bra beneath the shirt which the inmates all loved. The tattooed on makeup Paul was cursed with was highlighted every day by cosmetics that were part of his "reeducation" program. His hair had been growing out for quite a while since he'd originally been kidnapped so it was now shoulder length and cut in a cute little bob that was stylish and unquestionably female looking.

As Paul sat next to Lamar out in the yard he looked around at the other white boys huddled close to their ‘daddies’. Every white boy in this part of the prison looked like Paul. They were all dressed like sissies and were kept on a short leash by huge muscular black men. Paul had learned the other whites in the prison were in a separate wing which looked more like a normal prison. Every race was represented in the other wing but in the B wing there existed only black men and sissy white boys. Part of the warden’s plan to transition these poor white women trapped in male bodies. Kate was more vicious than Paul ever realized.

Lamar put his arm protectively around his sissy’s shoulder as a guard approached their table. The guard smiled down at Paul and said, “The warden sends her regards. She’s decided we need a little entertainment around here so there’s gonna be a prison wide talent show.” He shifted his gaze to Lamar and said, “I’m just starting to pass the word around big man, you guys all get to show off your bitches. All the white boys in B wing will be performing for the entire population here and the top three will win prizes for their daddies. Third place will be dinner brought in from any fast food joint. Second place gets dinner and a six pack of the man’s favorite beer. But first place is where it’s at. That nigga gets himself dinner from any restaurant he chooses, a six pack of beer, a bottle of his favorite liquor, and 100 dollars in his commissary account. You better hope your sissy bitch has some hidden talent Lamar.”

The guard walked off laughing while Paul looked up frighteningly at his tormentor. Lamar was smiling and staring off into the distance when he said, “Oh bitch you better win this shit

for your daddy. You just don't know how pissed off I'm gonna be if you lose. It's first place or nothing you hear me?"

Paul was terrified but quietly whispered, "Yes daddy, I hear you." The sissy sobbed quietly as he realized how horrible this was going to be. He'd be paraded in front of the entire prison and forced to perform for these awful men. He and all the other sissies would have to do god only knew what to survive this humiliation.

Lamar said, "Let's go inside bitch, I need you sucking on my nuts while I think of what you gonna wear and how you gonna perform in this contest. You gonna be sucking dees nuts for a long time while I think this through properly." Paul whimpered, "Yes daddy" and followed the big man back to their cell.

Part Eleven

It was the day of the talent show and all the sissies in B wing were busy practicing their routines, picking out clothes, and worrying about what would happen should they lose. The black men were all placing bets on the nine sissies being forced to perform and tensions were high as the respect and dignity of each black owner was on the line should his sissy not perform well. Lamar was particularly uptight since his sissy was the warden's brother in law. He was determined to show that cold bitch how well he'd trained this sissy faggot.

Just as he was thinking about her, Kate showed up at the door to Lamar's and Paul's cell looking smug and happy. She said, "Hey there Lamar, looks like you got the little bitch steppin and fetchin for you. You think the sissy has what it takes to win tonight?"

Lamar grinned and said, "Hell yes. This bitch is gonna bring home the big prize or there's gonna be hell to pay. Ain't that right bitch?"

Paul looked up from where he was kneeling on the floor sewing his costume and said in a small frail voice, "Yes daddy, that's right." He knew better than to address the warden unless she directly asked him a question. She enjoyed punishing Paul for any infraction so he's learned to keep his eyes lowered and his opinions to himself.

Kate laughed out loud and said, "Oh Lamar you really have done a number on this bitch. I remember when he thought he was a real man and cheated on my sister. Now look at the little faggot crawling on the floor at the feet of a far superior specimen of manhood. I can't wait to see how this little worm will perform tonight. I'm sure my sister will enjoy the show too, or did I fail to mention that I'd invited her?"

Kate laughed loudly as she turned her back and walked away down the hall. Paul choked on a sob as tears filled his eyes. Debbie would be here? Oh god could he stand this humiliation? He'd not seen his wife for over a month and was devastated by the thought of her seeing him like this. The shame was almost crippling.

Lamar laughed down at his pet sissy and said, “Damn that bitch really hates you snowflake. She’s a badass bitch to be on the wrong side of but she’s getting my ass outta here early so I owe her big.”

Paul nearly choked in joy at hearing this. Lamar would be getting out early? He would finally be free of this cruel black thug? Oh god this was too much to hope for. As anticipation of freedom swelled in Paul’s chest his owner snapped his fingers saying, “I need to nut before the show bitch, crawl up here and nurse on yo daddy’s cock for a minute. You know I like to clear the pipes before I leave the cell.”

Paul sniffed back tears of shame as he crawled to his knees between the big man’s thighs and began pulling the cock that had become so familiar to him from its confines. The smell was always the worst for Paul.



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Lamar liked to work out all day so he was constantly covered in sweat and body odor. Since they only showered once a day, in the morning, the black man had a powerful stench to him by late afternoon. Paul knew his place and began by licking Lamar's nuts clean of the day's sweat. The little sissy had grown so used to the flavor of his owner's ball sweat that it no longer choked him. He still felt tears fill his eyes however, from the sheer sweltering heat of the big man's crotch. Lamar loved it when Paul cried so it thrilled him to see fresh tears even after all this time.

The black god relaxed in his cot as his sissy worked on his balls. Life was pretty fucking good despite his current accommodations. He had an in with the warden now and knew her to be a very powerful woman. He hadn't told his sissy but Lamar had found out that Paul's wife had made great use of her new found wealth and was now a member of the elite Business Owner's Society that controlled all the big deals in town. With her new found power, Debbie had helped her sister find seats on several boards of different companies and charities. Warden Kate was a sudden superstar in their mid-sized city and had a huge following on social media. Millions followed her exploits and the many progressive programs she was instituting in her prison. The liberals loved how she wanted to help prisoners to find their true selves by way of transitioning to the women they knew themselves to be and the conservatives loved her for the way she funnelled money in and out of the prison to fill the coffers of big business.

Kate laughed at the thought of pleasing both sides of the political aisle. If only the liberals knew that the men she helped to transition never wanted to become women at all. In fact they were all in her prison because their wives had paid Kate huge sums of money to imprison the white men and turn them into sissy sluts. The women were all fucking huge black men while their husbands suffered as sissy slaves in prison. Kate broke the sissy whiteboys both in mind and spirit before releasing them into a world that applauded their bravery for transitioning. And right back into the clutches of their cruel, dominant, abusive wives and their superior black bulls. It was a perfect system.

And as for the conservatives? Well she'd convinced them to look the other way from her social policies as long as she kept their wallets full. Yes, Kate had become extremely powerful and was free to do as she pleased in this town.

Lamar knew all of this and smiled down at his busily slurping sissy imagining how the whiteboy would react when he found out he was also being released soon. Kate had made a deal with Lamar, he was to keep Paul as his sissy slave in an apartment Kate had found for him. Lamar would be paid as a consultant by the prison system in his capacity as a counselor for transitioning white men. Yeah the warden was one cold bitch but Lamar was thrilled to be in business with her. He got to keep his pet and he'd be paid handsomely to abuse the little fucker. Kate had insisted her sister Debbie be kept in constant contact so she could always see how miserable her husband was. They would stay legally married so she had control over him but she was now shaken up with a very rich and handsome black man.

Paul was now bobbing his pretty sissy head up and down on his owner's cock just the way the black man liked to be sucked. With his right hand the sissy massaged Lamar's huge nutsack while reaching up with his left and rubbing the big man's hairy chest. Paul was an expert in Lamar's cock. He knew every inch of the long tube of ebony meat. Knew exactly where to kiss, lick, and suck to make his daddy moan. The sissy knew by the tension in those massive balls when Lamar was close to shooting and knew well enough to move his mouth to the head of the spit slick cock. The sissy capped Lamar's cockhead with his lips and swirled his tongue around the piss slit as he squeezed gently on the man's balls. Lamar let out a long groan of satisfaction which turned into a growl as the first shot of cum slapped into the roof of Paul's mouth.

Shot after shot of thick, creamy, salty cum filled the sissy's mouth as he struggled to swallow and keep up with the flow. Lamar didn't like getting cum on his balls or anywhere else so the sissy knew to swallow every drop. He gulped it down like it was his favorite flavor of thick milkshake then leaned back gasping for air before looking up at the smiling giant and saying, "Thank you daddy for letting me swallow your delicious cum. It's always so tasty."

Paul always had to say some variant of this phrase each time he sucked off his celly. Lamar loved to believe that his pretty little snowflake loved every second of his humiliating life. Oh the black man knew better. He knew Paul hated him and hated his captivity more than anything. That was part of the fun. He couldn't wait to see the sissy's face tonight when he was told

about the new arrangement after the show. Oh well, time to get his pet ready to be put on display.

Part Twelve

The warden looked around the huge open seating area at the heart of her prison with pride. Hundreds of prisoners sat peacefully waiting for the start of the show. Oh they hooted and hollered and shouted obscenities but all in all there was peace. There would be no fighting, no rioting, nothing dangerous in her prison. The vast majority of prisoners in B wing were black and would never do anything to disrupt the status quo Kate had set up. She kept them supplied with easily broken white boys she helped transition into shemale slaves for the pleasure of the black inmates as well as outside connections to the wealthy wives of the whiteboys. The black prisoners had it better than the brothers in any other prison in the country. And when they got out they usually had good paying jobs with the companies run by the blacked white wives of their inside sissies. A beautiful arrangement.

The white, hispanic, and Asian prisoners who made up A and C wings had business connections on the outside, gang affiliations, and smoothly running supply lines on the inside. The Aryan Nation ran the whites with connections to businesses in town keeping peace for the very popular warden. The Hispanic and Asian inmates ran the supply of drugs, alcohol, and other contraband so they kept the peace to stay in business.

Every prisoner left with more money than they entered the prison, better jobs on the outside, and a very comfortable living

situation on the inside. Everyone was as happy and comfortable as possible in prison. Well except for the enslaved white boys in B Wing. But who gives a shit about them?

Yes, the warden was the queen of all she surveyed. She was wealthy, popular, and well respected. If only the outside world knew how corrupt this system truly was there would be an epic scandal. But the warden had too many friends in very high places these days with lucrative government contracts coming in every month. Grease enough hands and eyes will look whichever direction you want them to. So Kate had her power and her perks. Her favorite perk being the total destruction of her hated brother in law, sissy Paul.

Kate sat with her sister and their boyfriends in a luxurious booth near the stage like Roman royalty at the Coliseum. Debbie was decked out in a beautiful and expensive black Vera Wang and wearing a very stylish pair of Jimmy Choo stilettos. A beautiful diamond necklace, earrings, and matching bracelet sparkled in the lights showing off her new found wealth. The low cut dress showed off her massive yet perky decalotage making even the most angry prisoner drool with envy. Beside her was a stylish black man in an expensive suit wearing a tasteful but expensive gold watch. The man stood six foot six and looked like a linebacker but anyone who knew him had the knowledge of his razor sharp intellect and stunning business acumen. His name was Carl Trask and he was Debbie's business partner and lover.

Kate and her man shared the space with them and were both dressed as immaculately and expensively as their

neighboring couple. Kate's dress was a two thousand dollar Oscar De La Renta that perfectly matched her Rene Caovilla Galaxia Gold Evening Sandals. She dripped diamonds and smiled like the goddess she knew herself to be. Her date for the evening was none other than Red, the former inmate who'd helped her ensnare her brother in law. Red was now the head of Debbie's and Kate's private security firm handling all the needs of their many business ventures. Life was good for these two couples.

A hush came over the crowd as the lights dimmed and the curtain opened to the most wonderful display Debbie could ever have hoped to see. A chorus line of feminized sissy white boys began kicking like Rockettes and singing along to a recording of "Man, I feel Like a Woman."

Right there, front and center was Paul. Debbie was too stunned to laugh but her face lit up with a magical smile that was joyous and cruel at the same time. His hair had grown out enough that his pixie cut looked completely feminine and framed his made up face perfectly. His makeup was trashy like a two dollar whore but his outfit, oh his outfit. Debbie's initial shock shattered and she began cheering and laughing along with the rest of the crowd as she watched her sissy husband strut his stuff on the stage.

He was dressed in a red, skin tight, party dress that ended just an inch below his locked up peepee. The stainless steel cage glimmered in the lights with every kick of his black, silk, stockinged legs. He wore six inch red platform heels and moved in them like a seasoned pro. The dress was so tight you could

clearly see he wore a pair of bikini cut panties with the crotch cut out to display his cage. His wrists clattered with a mess of bangles hoop bracelets each bearing a symbol of black superiority like the ace of spades or QOS symbol. He wore huge dangling gold earrings in the shape of the letters BBC which Debbie knew to stand for Big Black Cock. By the time Debbie had taken in her husband's new look she was shocked to notice she'd missed the bright blonde color his hair had been dyed. Oh what a tragic sissy he'd turned out to be.

Kate leaned over to her sister and said, "You notice those little titties bouncing around in Paulie's dress? Well he no longer wears falsies. All the hormones and illegal drugs for transitioning the Mexicans bring in have him up to a natural B Cup already. He'll be a C in no time."

Debbie laughed till she had to pull out a tissue to wipe her eyes then she said to Kate, "Good, let's not stop till the fucker has a DD rack to carry around."

The women laughed together as they watched the row of pansies sing and dance the opening number. The gathered crowd of prisoners laughed and cheered for all they were worth watching the sissies dance. If they didn't know better they would swear they were watching real women on the stage. Many of the leaders of the gangs in other wings began to formulate plans to borrow these feminized faggots or to start making their own. The warden would see a lot of requests on her desk come Monday morning.

After the opening number the talent show kicked off with each sissy coming out on stage alone to perform their talent. There were singers, dancers, acrobats and magicians. The sissies worked their tails off to win the coveted prizes for their black owners and Paul was no different. But his routine certainly was.

Paul walked onto the stage with a wooden bar stool and a large paper bag. He looked terrified as he approached the microphone in the bright spotlight. He glanced nervously up at the booth where his wife sat snuggled up to a very large, handsome, black man and fresh tears began to run down his cheeks from the shame of what he looked like and what he was about to do.

Someone in the front row yelled, “Don’t cry darling, your mascara will run,” causing the entire audience to erupt in laughter. Paul was ashamed to see his wife laughing harder than anyone.

The poor sissy leaned into the mike and said in a quivering voice, “I have a magic trick to show all you handsome men out there and I hope you’ll see how talented I am and want a private show in the coming weeks.” He smiled and tried his best to look slutty as he spoke since the warning look he was getting from Lamar in the front row scared the hell out of him.

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Paul tried to ignore his wife as he pulled two lengthy objects from his bag. It quickly became obvious to the crowd he was holding two massive dildos and the cheering began again. Both phony cocks were ridiculously out of proportion and the women in the booth both shook their heads in disbelief that anyone could handle them at all.

Debbie leaned forward in her seat in anticipation as she watched her formerly macho husband holding the phalluses like they were his very favorite possessions in the world. The sissy had practiced with enough real cocks that he knew exactly how he was expected to drool over them with lust in his eyes. Paul quivered with shame, hatred, and rage at his predicament but saw no alternative other than to proceed with his humiliation.

He again spoke into the mike saying, “Now you men all watch closely as I make these beautiful black cocks disappear into my slutty sissy holes. There is nothing I love more than being filled with thick black cock. My daddy taught me to love it so much I can’t wait to get back to our cell to taste his yummy cummy in my tummy.”

Tears flowed freely down Paul’s face as the crowd laughed or howled in disgust at his degrading behavior. But even the Aryan Nation was intrigued by the sight before them. Could this little bitch actually fit those massive tubes into his holes? The anticipation was running high in the auditorium.

The dildos were identical in every way. Both black as pitch and as thick around as a real man’s wrist. They both measured

14 inches in length and had bulbous mushroom heads at least 3 inches thick. There seemed to be no possible way to fit them into the normal human anatomy let alone that of a slim sissy like Paul.

The white boy reached into his bag and pulled out a tube of astroglide which he began to liberally apply to one of the dildos to the amusement of the crowd. He then mounted the rubber phallus onto the stool by the suction cup on the end and the sheer weight of the object made it bend over like a limp dick glistening in the spotlight.

Audience members yelled out things like, “Better fluff that dick honey it looks limp!” and “Stroke that cock before you sit on it baby!” or “Shit, that skank can’t even get a barstool hard.”

Everyone laughed and Paul began to shake in embarrassment. The sissy took practiced steps up onto the slats connecting the legs of the stool and lifted himself up over the horrid cock. He’d pre greased his sissy pussy backstage so he would save himself the humiliation of the crowd watching him finger his own hole.

As the sissy placed the tip of his phony penis at the entrance to his tight sissy hole a drumroll started and a hush fell over the crowd. Paul strained as he shoved the head of the cock into his straining O-Ring and he panted in discomfort as his tender sphincter began to stretch open. The clamping sissy pucker opened slowly causing Paul to moan loudly in a husky feminine voice. He knew better than to sound remotely like a man or Lamar would punish him dearly.

As Paul pushed and strained he began to worry the head would not go in and he cried fresh tears of frustration. Slowly a chant began in the back of the audience and built in momentum till the entire prison population was shouting as one, “Fuck That Hole! Fuck That Hole!”

Men clapped and stomped their feet in time with the chant and Debbie was mesmerized by the sight before her. She was delighted beyond belief at the depth her husband had descended to in this hellhole.

Paul was sweating and grunting as he pushed the black rubber further into his hole. He strained for nearly five full minutes under the hot lights and constant ridicule until suddenly the head of the cock popped into his ass past the rubbery pucker of his sphincter.

The crowd cheered him on as he pushed and forced inch after inch of hard, black, rubber, cock into his once virgin asshole. The sissy’s legs were shaking violently and drops of sweat fell in a pool in front of him as he fucked himself silly in front of hundreds of hardened criminals.

Never in his wildest nightmares did he ever believe he’d be in such a humiliating position but fear motivated him to push on as the first half of the dildo disappeared up his rectum.

Debbie whispered to herself, “No fucking way,” as she watched the debauchery unfold before her. She had a dreamy

look in her eyes that made Kate very happy to see. She loved making her sister happy like this.

The chanting and stomping increased in tempo as three quarters of black rubber were enveloped in the sissy's rear cavity and Lamar looked on with pride at his hard working sissy bitch. He was gonna win that first prize, he just knew it.

With a final cry of pain and humiliation Paul sat heavily down on the barstool seat completely full of the enormous dildo.

And the crowd went wild!

The inmates cheered and screamed at the amazing sight before them of a tiny white boy completely filled with black cock. But the show was far from over.

Shaking and sweating and crying like a baby, Paul slowly reached down to pick up the second dildo. The audience had completely forgotten this aspect of the show and went nuts with screaming out bets as to whether the sissy would succeed.

Paul made a show of licking and kissing the head of the cock as he spoke up to be heard over the crowd, "Oh I feel so good right now having my sissy pussy all filled up with superior black dick. Now I just want to feel it stretching my throat out like the whore I know I am. The only way this could be better is if these were real cocks from my black masters. I can't wait till shower time tomorrow!"

His voice shook the entire time but Paul still managed to sound sincere as he humiliated himself verbally before taking the cock head into his mouth. He worked his tongue and lips as he pushed with both hands to force inch after inch of dick into his throat. He had to swallow hard and shove at the same time to make the head pop into the opening of his throat. A tight spotlight was shown onto the sissy's neck and the crowd Ood and Awed as they watched the bulge form in Paul's esophagus. The watched every inch of the cock head's travel down the sissy's throat as it forced out the skin and meat filling the tiny opening completely. Paul knew he had to hurry as his air was now shut off and he silently and with hatred thanked Lamar for making him practice holding his breath every night. Of course Lamar's way of teaching was to shove his cock down Paul's throat every night and hold him there for longer periods of time each night until the sissy could go 3 minutes without passing out.

Paul swallowed and pushed as the cock disappeared into his face much faster than the one up his ass. Before long the cock was balls deep in the sissy's mouth and the cheering crowd let him know their pleasure.

Then the most amazing thing happened. Paul began pushing himself up and down on the stool while simultaneously fucking his face. The sissy was fucking his own holes with these massive cocks in perfect timing. He looked like the biggest whore anyone had ever seen.

It wasn't long before he'd picked up the tempo and was pulling the entire cock out of his throat to breathe then back

down balls deep in time with the same effect in his ass. He was soon bouncing on the suctioned cock and depthroating the one in his mouth in a wanton display sure to bring shame to him for the rest of his life. If only he knew how true that was as the event was being recorded for sale online.

Paul began squealing and moaning in time with his thrusts and bouncing making the crowd cheer louder and clap along with the timing of the fucking black rubber. Paul's dress was up around his waist at this point and everyone could see his shining cock cage bouncing in time with his up and down motion on the stool. It was hypnotic.

Suddenly with a loud squeal around the tube of rubber in his throat Paul slammed himself down on the stool and sat there shaking as drops of watery white liquid dripped from his cock cage.

A silence overcame the crowd as they witnessed the massive sissygasm of a true feminized, white boy. Someone yelled, "The faggot is cumming!" And an ear splitting roar rolled over the crowd as the inmate cheered.

Three sissies rushed out onto the stage and pulled Paul, stool and all, off into the wings. The MC for the event came out on stage with a stunned look on his face to announce the winning acts. A sissy who danced to Cardi B's WAP won third prize. A tall sissy with huge tits won second place for pole dancing. And to no one's surprise, Paul was the first prize winner for being the biggest hoe anyone had ever seen.

Lamar got up to accept the prize and dedicated it to Warden Kate and her beautiful sister much to the laughter and cheers of the two women. They both blew kisses to Lamar as if he'd won the prize himself.

Lamar found his sissy laying on the floor backstage with his asshole still gaping and shining from the lube. The black man grinned at the thought that you could probably fist the sissy without him even feeling it right now. This was one drained white boy, Lamar thought.

The black man kicked Paul in his asscheek and said, "Let's go bitch! Get yo lazy ass up, I need my dick sucked after that performance."

Paul was sobbing loudly as he pulled himself up to his hands and knees in preparation of crawling after his owner. As the sissy lifted his head he saw two pairs of fashionable women's shoes in front of him and looked up to see his beautiful wife and her cruel sister smiling down at him.

Debbie said, "Hold still faggot," as she snapped several pics on her phone laughing the entire time. "This may be the pic in our christmas card this year."

Paul begged her, "Please Debbie, please get me out of here. I'm so sorry for everything. Doesn't our marriage mean anything to you? Please, I love you so much, help me!"

Debbie said, "Why hubby dear I am here to help you. I have wonderful news for you. You're getting out. You will be

released by the end of the week. I have a nice apartment in town for you. It's really lovely. You won't have to worry about a thing. You'll be well taken care of. Well, you'll actually be the one doing the caring but you won't starve or anything, so that's good."

Paul looked confused as he said, "I'm free? Will I be free? Really? But I won't be coming home to you? Why, I thought we were still married, dear."

Debbie laughed as she said, "Oh we are silly. We will stay married so I can keep control of you. But you'll be living with your lover in your fancy apartment."

Paul's voice quivered as he said, "Kendra? You're letting me live with Kendra?"

Everyone laughed at this as Debbie said, "No you idiot. I had that bitch arrested on drug muling charges. She's been licking every hairy twat in the women's pen upstate. I hear they pass her around nightly from cell to cell. She's getting quite good at rimming nasty assholes day and night. No my stupid sissy, you'll be living with Lamar here isn't that right stud?"

Lamar said, "That's correct Miss Debbie, this little bitch gonna be my cock sock for a long time to come. How dat sound snowflake?"

Paul was crying but still smart enough to avoid punishment. Everyone knew he was lying when he said, "I'm very happy daddy. I love the thought of living with you. I can't wait."

Debbie said, “I’ll stop by occasionally to fuck with you sissy boy. You are still my favorite project. After all, I want to see how those new tits grow. Lamar has some brilliant ideas about turning you out as a high-class tranny hooker and is even considering making you into a movie star. Imagine how much money you could make for your daddy selling your sissy talents.”

Paul was broken completely, and he knew it. He shook in despair and humiliation as he collapsed in a sobbing mess on the floor.

“Uh uh sissy, I want a goodbye kiss before I leave you.”
Debbie said.

Paul raised up in hopeful anticipation of possibly showing his wife how he still loved her. He imagined giving her the most romantic kiss of his life and smiled up at her as he began to rise up.

Debbie stopped him halfway and said, “You didn’t think you were kissing me on the mouth, did you? Oh, you stupid faggot, I’d never put my lips anywhere near yours. I know all about shower time. I have all the videos. I watch them with my lover, Carl here and we laugh and laugh. He’s impressed with your talents. No, you fucking moron, you’ll be giving me a kiss of proper respect.” Debbie turned her back on Paul and pulled her dress up to reveal she wore no underwear. She reached back and pulled her big round ass cheeks apart showing her rosy, pink

pucker to her hubby. “I want a nice kiss from you sissy and I want to feel lots of tongue.”

The gathered crowd laughed as the defeated white sissy leaned in to press his face between his wife’s cheeks. He had no pride left to him at all, so he went for it with gusto. He licked and kissed her chocolate starfish like he was making out with his prom date while all around him people laughed at his humiliation.

Lamar said, “Oh damn snowflake you never kiss me like that. I’m getting jealous. You gonna have to kiss me like that every morning when you wake up and every night at bedtime.”

Paul moaned into Debbie’s ass at the thought of it and was startled when she pushed him away. The sissy fell back on his sore ass and cried out in pain to everyone’s delight.

Carl stepped forward and said, “We’ve never met sissy, but I think you owe me a thank you for taking such good care of your lovely wife.” As he spoke the black man fished out his oversized cock and waved it in Paul’s face. “I want you to just kiss the tip, for now, and tell my dick ‘Thank You for fucking Debbie so well’.”

Debbie practically swooned at this latest humiliation dumped on her hubby and smiled at her manly lover saying, “Oh Carl you are such a man! You are an Alpha Male in every sense of the word. I can’t wait to see you truly dominate this pathetic sissy when we visit Lamar or when he needs us to sissy sit for him.”

Paul shuddered in horror at the images Debbie's words invoked but could not stop staring at her lover's cock. The dark chocolate colored head was inches from his face and smelled clean and fresh like he'd used real soap to clean himself. The sissy was embarrassed by the way his tiny clitty twitched as he smelled the black man's balls.

Debbie said, "Do you need to spank your pet to make him obey Lamar?"

Before Lamar could respond, Carl grabbed the sissy by his ear and twisted saying, "I don't think you want to piss me off do you faggot?"

Paul whimpered and said, "No sir, please stop sir, I'll be happy to obey sir."

This pleased the black man and his lovely date very much and they happily watched the broken white boy lean in toward the massive cock in his face.

Paul puckered his lips keeping them open slightly as he'd been taught and planted a sweet kiss on Carl's cock head. He tasted salty precum and knew this mighty tool would be plowing his wife later tonight.

The white sissy leaned back and said, "Thank you beautiful cock for fucking my lovely wife so well. She certainly deserves to be satisfied by such a magnificent cock such as you."

The black men and white women all laughed out loud at this latest display of sissy shame. Carl simply said, “Put him away,” as he glared down at Paul.

Paul gently took the huge cock in his right hand and used his left to open the black man’s fly. He eased the organ back into his warm home and zipped up the man’s trousers then buckled his belt. Carl patted the sissy on his head like he was praising a dog. “Good boy” the black man said as he took Debbie’s hand and the two of them walked out without another word.

Kate said, “Well Lamar you and your pet sissy will be out by the end of the week. You have a great job and one hell of a nice apartment to look forward to. A deal’s a deal. And believe me, you overperformed. I owe you. You’ll enjoy having Debbie and I as friends on the outside.”

Lamar said, “It was a pleasure warden, a sheer pleasure. You feel free to stop by anytime to abuse my little snowflake here, ok?”

“Oh, you call me Kate now Lamar. We’ll be entertaining in the same circles from now on so we are gonna be great friends. And as for you sissy? Well, you better watch your step. One bad report from Lamar and your ass is back in here and I’ll put you with the nastiest, fattest, smelliest creature I can find. You’ll keep taking your medications and seeing some special doctors. You’re going to be a whole new person next time I see you, you little fag.”

The warden took Red's arm and they strolled away smiling. Lamar said, "Let's get you back to the cell sissy, I smell pretty ripe, and I need one of your special tongue baths."

Paul sniffed back tears as he watched out the expansive auditorium windows. He saw Debbie and Carl meet up with Kate and Red. They all climbed into a stretch limo and pulled away.

Paul said, "Yes Daddy," as he crawled behind the menacing black man back to his tortured existence. 'All I wanted was a little bit of strange' the sissy thought to himself.

Be careful what you wish for whiteboys. Be very careful.

The End